

A VOICE FROM ZION

SERMONS BY THE REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, (Elijah
the Restorer), General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion

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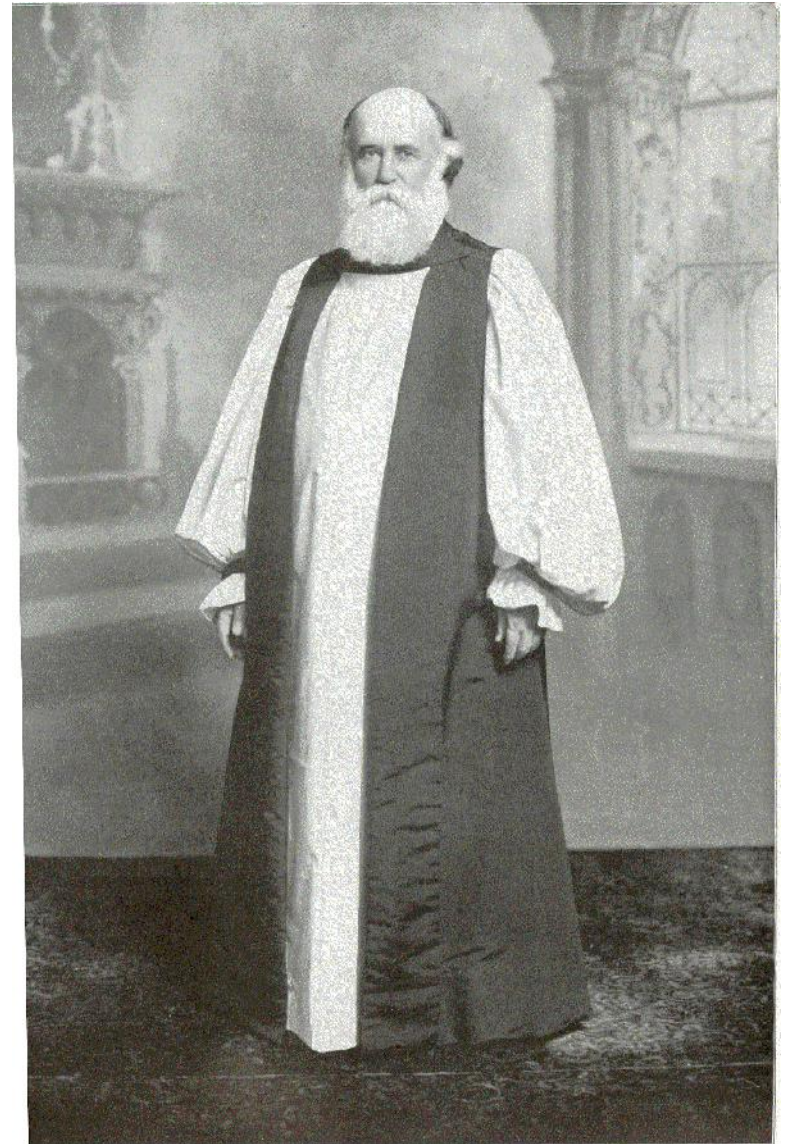
ETERNAL H O P E

*Message No. 68. An Address, Delivered at the
Chicago Auditorium, Lord's Day Afternoon, April
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Quickly, but calmly, the General Overseer gave the order for the Zion Guard to come forward.

Instantly the guards came from all parts of the house and drew up in a line in front of the stage, facing the audience.

The excitement, though quiet, was intense.

But the speaker proceeded, boldly and fearlessly, with his disclosure of the corruption and treachery in Chicago politics.

The facts were related in full detail, with names and dates.

The Message of Elijah the Restorer was indeed a Restoration Message.

It was not a Message to any particular church or people or race or nation, but to all humanity.

Its subject, "Eternal Hope," was one which appeals to every heart that has ever known sorrow and pain, and in which there has ever been, uttered or unexpressed, the longing to know God, the desire for a life beyond the grave.

Deep down into the hearts of the hearers it sank.

Its realization gave to the joyous songs of Easter time a new signification; for the reality and the blessedness of the Divine Hope, given to man, when the Christ rose from the dead, was made clearer and brighter than ever before.

It was with the light of that Hope shining in their faces, and its gladness vibrating in their voices, that the congregation rose and repeated after the General Overseer the Prayer of Consecration.

Withal, it was a most wonderful service, which will live in the memories and in the lives of many thousands throughout the earth.

Chicago Auditorium, Lord's Day Afternoon, April 12, 1903.

The service was opened by Zion White-robed Choir and Zion Robed Officers entering the Auditorium, singing as they came, the words of the

PROCESSIONAL.

Jesus Christ is ris'n today,

Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day,

Alleluia!

Who did once upon the cross,

Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our less.

Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing

Alleluia!

Unto Christ, our Heav'nly King,

Alleluia!

Who endured the cross and grave,

Alleluia!

Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,

Alleluia!

Our salvation have procured;

Alleluia!

Now above the sky He's King,

Alleluia!

Where the angels ever sing,

Alleluia!

Now he God the Father praised,

Alleluia!

With the Son, from death upraised,

Alleluia!

And the Spirit, ever blessed,

Alleluia!

One true God, by all confessed.

Alleluia!

At the close of the Processional, the General Overseer came upon the platform, the people rising and standing with bowed heads while he pronounced the

INVOCATION.

God be merciful unto us and bless us,

And cause Thy face to shine upon us;

That Thy Way may be known upon earth,

Thy Saving Health among all the Nations;
For the sake of Jesus. Amen.

PRAISE.

All then joined in singing Hymn No. 201

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

RECITATION OF CREED.

The General Overseer then led the Choir and Congregation
in the recitation of the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus, the Christ, His only Son, our Lord;
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost;
Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate;
Was crucified, dead and buried;
He descended into hell,
The third day He rose from the dead;
He ascended into heaven,
And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost;
The Holy Catholic Church;
The Communion of Saints;
The Forgiveness of sins;
The Resurrection of the body,
And the life everlasting. Amen.

READING OF GOD'S COMMANDMENTS.

The General Overseer then read, very impressively, the
Eleven Commandments, the Choir and Congregation reverently
singing the response, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline
our hearts to keep this law."

- I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of

any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I, Jehovah, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the Fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate Me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto Jehovah thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore Jehovah blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt do no murder.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, hath said, which may be called the Eleventh Commandment:

XI. A New Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

The Choir then sang

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the Powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.
The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee,

The Father of an infinite majesty;
 Thine Adorable, True and Only Son;
 Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.
 Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;
 Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father.
 When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
 Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin;
 When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
 Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
 Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the Glory of the Father.
 We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge.
 We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants,
 Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
 Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
 O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage;
 Govern them and lift them up forever.
 Day by day we magnify Thee:
 And we worship Thy Name ever, world without end.
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
 O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
 O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us as our trust is in Thee.
 O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

SCRIPTURE READING AND EXPOSITION.

The General Overseer read in the Inspired Word of God, then in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the first ten verses of the 28th chapter, then the 16th and 17th verses of the 2d chapter of the 2d epistle of Paul the apostle to the Thessalonians.

The General Overseer then said:

Let us now read in the first general epistle of Peter.

The word general is the Greek word *Katholikos*, which is our word, catholic.

It is purely a Greek word, and means general or universal.

PAUL'S EPISTLES WERE NOT CATHOLIC EPISTLES.

They were epistles to the particular churches, and oftentimes had particular reference to the exact conditions pertaining to these churches.

The first two epistles of Peter, the epistle of James, the first epistle of John and the epistle of Jude, are called catholic epistles

because they are for the entire Church.

They are not dealing with matters of discipline, or matters of particular importance to that church only, but they are general and for the Church in All Ages.

Of course, there is a sense in which large portions of Paul's epistles are catholic also.

Nevertheless, they are addressed to particular churches.

For example, that one which I have just read was addressed to the Christians in Thessalonica, the present Salonica of which you read so much in these days of trouble in Southern Europe.

The General Overseer then read the first nine verses of the 1st chapter of 1 Peter, commenting as follows upon the ninth verse:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your lives.

I have not read the word souls.

I would that it were better known that

THE SOUL IS NOT THE SPIRIT AND THE SPIRIT IS NOT THE SOUL.

The word "soul" ought to be translated "animal life."

A beast has a soul.

A bird has a soul.

A fish has a soul.

Perhaps you would like to know what my authority is upon the subject.

In the 1st chapter of Genesis, in the 20th verse, it is written:

God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.

The word translated "life" is "soul" in the margin.

In the 30th verse it is written:

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life.

In the margin again the word life is translated "a living soul."

It is the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek, *Psyche*.

Every fish of the sea ; every beast of the forest; every fowl of the air, and every creeping thing, has a soul, but these creatures do not have spirits.

GOD IS THE MAKER OF OUR SOULS AND BODIES, BUT HE IS THE FATHER OF OUR SPIRITS.

Hence it is that all creation lower than man is unspiritual; it has psychical and physical life.

In all life—in the waters, in the air, and on the earth—there is the *Soma*, body, and *Psyche*, the soul, but the *Pneuma*, the spirit, is that which distinguishes man from all other creatures.

God is spoken of as the Father of our spirits.

He is not the Father of our souls.

He is not the Father of beasts, birds and fish; He is the Maker.

He is our Father, because we have His spiritual nature.

A tremendous blunder is made by people who imagine that the soul and the spirit are the same thing.

They are not.

The soul dies.

THERE IS NO IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Did not Jesus say, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death?”

Is it not written of Him that “He poured out His soul unto death?”

The Virgin Mary in that wonderful prophetic song which she sang, said: “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.”

She differentiated between soul and spirit.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PNEUMATOLOGY CONFOUNDED.

In psychology many otherwise scholarly men have a notion that mixes pneumatology and psychology.

You fancy, when you are talking about the soul, that you are talking about the spirit.

You are doing no such thing.

In Scripture the word soul is animal life, and nothing else.

You must differentiate between the temporal and the eternal parts of man's being.

Keep it clear in your mind, and you will get a better understanding of Scripture.

As a matter of scholarship there is no question about that.

No man who is a scholar, either in Greek or Hebrew, will challenge me when I say that the word *Nephesh* in Hebrew, and the word *Psyche* in Greek mean animal life.

If you want to get the words in the Bible, for spirit, you must take the Hebrew word *Ruach* and the Greek word *Pneuma*.

They are never confounded.

The Word of God is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart.

You see in that passage that there is a difference between soul and spirit.

It is the Word of God that divides asunder the soul and spirit.

When you talk about the immortality of the soul, you are talking crass nonsense.

Any infidel can floor you in a minute in an argument on that subject.

He can take the Word of God and say, “Your Bible says that ‘the soul that sinneth, it shall die.’ How can a thing be immortal that dies?”

IT WAS NOT THE SOUL OF THE CHRIST THAT ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

There was no soul in the Christ when He rose from the dead. He had poured out His soul, every drop of His blood, unto death.

When He rose from the dead His Spirit reanimated a blood-

less body.

He had no blood in that body.

He told His Apostles that, when they were afraid and thought they had seen a phantom.

Why should people be afraid of seeing spirits?

I see great numbers of spirits here today.

I am not afraid of you inside your mortal skins, and I would not be afraid of you outside them.

Why should I be?

What a silly thing it is to be afraid of spirits.

He said to them, when they were troubled about it, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones."

He did not say flesh and blood.

The blood was gone from head, hands and riven heart.

Blood and water had flowed out, and it was now a bloodless body.

FLESH AND BLOOD NEVER INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

There is no blood there.

If any of you have had visions of Heaven in which you saw a bleeding Savior, they are all nonsense.

You have only had nightmares.

You have not had visions of the Christ.

There is a hymn which says, "Five bleeding wounds He bears."

They talk of the Christ as if He had been bleeding for nineteen centuries.

Heaven would be in a gory condition by this time.

The golden streets would be running with blood.

It is all nonsense.

He left His blood on earth.

He shed it here.

It was a bloodless body that appeared at the Resurrection Morning, and it was a bloodless and transformed body that entered into heaven.

I desire to make it clear that when the Christ died His soul died: for He said it would.

But His spirit never died.

The great mass of people only see two parts: soul and body, and because they do not see the spirit, they are always talking about keeping soul and body together.

It is like the big fish eating the little fish, and the big beasts eating the little beasts, and the big birds eating the little birds, in trying to keep soul and body together.

There is something more important to be kept together than your animal life and your poor body.

THE SPIRIT IS IMMORTAL.

There is an immortal spirit. Remember that the spirit is immortal, for the reason that God is the Father of our spirits.

We share His nature, being His offspring.

If we are not eternal, He is not; for He is our Father.

We are His offspring, and we must share His eternal spiritual nature.

Therefore we cannot die.

The soul and the body can die, but not the spirit.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The spirit eternal, as its sire,
Shall never die.

There is the essential immortality in our lives—our Divine parentage.

As for our souls—we get the soul direct from Adam in an ever-increasingly filthy stream of psychical being, only now and then cleansed a little, but cleansed wholly, only when we put our soul and body in the keeping of God and are cleansed by His power.

Then He will cleanse you, and He will keep you clean.

I desire to have it clearly understood that Peter meant your psychical nature when he said: "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

SALVATION FOR THE TRIUNE MAN A PERFECT SALVATION.

That is a glorious object, but that is not all, because the Apostle Paul says, "May your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire."

But there must be a beginning.

There are a great many people who do not get complete salvation for their spirits until their lives are saved.

Humanity is like a drowning man in the Chicago river.

You cannot picture to yourself a more horrible fate than that a man should be drowned in that river.

It is like Chicago itself.

It is one of the dirtiest things I know.

If a man were drowning in the Chicago river, and were pulled out of that sewer of pollution, that man would not be saved any further than his life was saved.

If he were a bad man, the mere saving of his soul would not affect his spirit.

A MAN'S SOUL MUST BE SAVED IF YOU WOULD FULLY SAVE HIS SPIRIT.

So it is with humanity.

You must take humanity out of all kinds of physical and psychical depravity before you can ever get humanity's spiritual nature cleansed.

The cleansing is not possible, unless you get them out of these things.

It will begin with a spiritual work of regeneration.

Regeneration is a new birth.

When you are born of God, you are born a baby, as every creature is.

Of all the creatures that are feeble when they are born, man is the most helpless.

Any chicken can scratch for a living within three days; but I have known many men and women who could not scratch for a living after they had spent thirty years on this earth.

Some of them never manage to earn their living.

You must get a man out of the river before you can save his spirit.

You must get his soul and body, and then you can get at the spirit. It is a slow process.

TO BE AN INSTRUCTOR OF HUMANITY YOU MUST INSTRUCTED.

A great many foolish Christians think that the moment they become Christians, they are full-fledged ministers of the Christ. They think that they can preach, and teach, and exhort, and do all kind of things.

They are merely babies.

The last thing in the world that a man should attempt to do is to teach his fellow men before he himself is taught.

A spiritual baby cannot tell you how to live a spiritual life.

It is not within the bounds of possibility. "If he has the Word of God in him, he can speak it," some say. He can do no such thing.

You may be crammed with the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation, but that does not make you a preacher.

That does not make you an instructor of humanity. Why?

Because the Word of God must dwell in you richly, and you must live it out and understand it yourself before you can ever teach it effectually to others.

Be not many teachers, my brethren.

There are far too many teachers in the world.

You have so many teachers on all kinds of subjects that humanity is in a fog.

THE DAILY PRESS AN IGNORANT AND LYING INSTRUCTOR.

In the morning the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* want to teach you; but the *Inter Ocean* shouts out: "Put them all aside, I am the teacher."

The *Tribune* shouts out, "I am the teacher," and the *Record-Herald* shouts, "I am the teacher. I sit upon the fence and am ready to come down on either side as it pays."

You find teachers with millions of tongues, and no unanimity of thought.

They are entirely untaught.

A short time ago a Chicago paper said that a certain man had been appointed by the Chinese government to a position in Hong Kong.

Every one who knew anything at all about it was laughing, because Hong Kong is a part of the British colony of the Island of Victoria off the Chinese coast, and does not belong to the Chinese Empire at all.

But a wonderful paper said that owing to the influence of an influential Chinese statesman some one had been appointed to a position in Hong Kong by the Chinese government.

These papers are a mass of ignorance and falsehood from beginning to end.

They lie from the first page to the last.

Last week they spent a great deal of their time lying about the Russian Czarina; and then two or three days afterwards, down in a corner of the paper, they said that it was found not to be true.

The teachers are all about us, and you are foolish enough to swallow the teaching of numberless brainless boobies—drunken, dissipated, stinking, filthy reporters.

They are a generation of vipers who are filled with the very abominations of hell.

They do not know how to write the truth when they get it, but rather hate the truth and love and make lies.

AMERICA IN NEED OF PROTECTION FROM HER DAILY PRESS.

If this people were wise, they would have a censorship that would put the liar where you put the thief—behind prison bars.

Is not that the right place for him?

Voices—“Yes.”

General Overseer—If I were dictator, I would have them there, as the *Daily Spews* said not long ago: “When Dowie gets his commission some of us will have to get off the earth.”

They were right. (Laughter.)

They would have to repent, or get off the earth.

When the Lord Jesus, the Christ, comes to be Boss of things there will be no *Daily Spews*.

No liars will be allowed to write, print, and publish lies.

We will have an end of that, then.

The liar is far worse than the thief.

The thief merely takes a little material property; but the liar stabs the sensitive spirits of women to the very heart, and enters into the homes, and defiles everything that he touches.

Why do not the American people rise up, and put their heel upon that serpentine press?

You never really know what your public men are saying, doing, or thinking.

The Republican lies about the Democrat, the Democrat lies about the Republican, and they all lie about one another.

You never know the actual facts, without color or bias

They do not intend that you shall.

They want to deceive you.

What you need is the salvation, of all parts of your life; but the soul and body must be saved before you can do much with the spirit.

FILTHY HABITS, WHICH POLLUTE AND DESTROY MANKIND.

What is the use of trying to do anything with you who have bodies that are full of beer, whisky and pig?

I would as soon preach to a pig itself as to a man or woman who is full of whisky, pork and tobacco.

You cannot think, because you are a mass of rottenness.

You eat scrofula, cancer, trichinosis and tuberculosis when you eat pork.

When you smoke tobacco, you are smoking amaurosis, dyspepsia, ulceration of the bowels and stomach, and destroying digestion.

When you drink alcohol, it is Liquid Fire and Distilled Damnation; and how can a man who drinks Liquid Fire and Distilled Damnation, smokes Satan's Consuming Fire and eats the flesh that defiles—how can he be, as a spiritual being, of any

use at all?

Sometimes I do get below the cuticle of such a fellow, but it is hard.

That is why I have to say hard things to you who are full of all this filth.

How dare you eat and drink those filthy things?

God wants you to be clean, and you know that these things are unclean.

Eat that which is good.

Love that which is good.

Then you will be of some use upon God's earth, and you will help to clean the Political Augean stable of this filthy city.

May God give us the complete Salvation of our lives. May God bless His Word.

Prayer was offered by the General Overseer.

After making the announcements, the General Overseer delivered the following Prelude:

CHICAGO'S MAYORALTY DISGRACE.

"Doctor, why do you feel that you have to take so much interest in Chicago's affairs?" some one asked the other day.

Why?

Because I have been in Chicago and its neighborhood since 1890 as a minister of our Lord Jesus, the Christ.

I have ministered here for nearly thirteen years.

I have seen a great many ministers pass away from Chicago.

I am getting to be one of the older ministers of Chicago.

I take an intense interest in the city.

We are always working in it, and for it.

My people have visited twenty-three thousand homes in Chicago today, and carried the Message of Peace to every one of them.

ZION'S WORK IN CHICAGO AND FOR CHICAGO.

If only an average of five people read each Message, then

one hundred fifteen thousand people have been reached today.

That is a fairly good morning's work.

We have done that all winter.

We have kept at it for years.

Then we have six hundred Dorcas workers making garments for the poor.

They help poor women by supplying clothes for the little babies, for whom the mothers are often unprepared.

They help them in many other ways.

We have clothed the needy in at least seven thousand families this last winter.

We are caring for the poor harlots, too.

We have kept a large home for years for those who are being rescued.

We have rescued many hundreds.

We are always working and pegging away at Chicago.

We have some right to talk.

People who work and do good have some right to talk about the city. Beside we have been heavily taxed to support its corruption.

I did not want to say too much while the contest was on, because, as you know, our good friend, Graeme Stewart, was not Zion's first choice.

The first choice of Zion was John M. Harlan, and the Republicans made a tremendous mistake when they did not give him the nomination.

He would have gone in like a flash.

THE SHAMELESSNESS OF CHICAGO'S DEMOCRATIC MACHINE.

The time was ripe, but Mr. Harlan deferred to Mr. Stewart when the Republican Convention gave him the nomination.

There was a good chance of Mr. Stewart's winning; and, more, I believe that Graeme Stewart has won.

I believe that he was counted out by the shameful methods of the Democratic machine which was able to control the entire police force.

What business have police with the ballot-boxes?

Why can you not keep police out of that?

Why do you not see what folly it is to let the police have the management of these ballot-boxes?

It is an easy matter to stuff them in certain well-known precincts.

It is against public policy to allow public servants to vote.

If you could prevent public servants from voting, as they do in Australia, then there would be some chance of the people being heard.

When a man steals and stuffs ballot-boxes it might be difficult to prove, because he does not have witnesses.

But the complaint of the Independent Labor party is that the credentials of their watchers were stolen, and that the voting places were in the hands of violent men.

I would as quickly trust a Democrat as a Lorimer man, because it is very easy to give a Lorimer man twenty dollars to look at the wall for a few minutes while they stuff the ballot-boxes with the votes of the dead or absent.

I do not believe that it was a fair election.

LORIMER'S POLITICAL TREACHERY.

I blame Mr. Lorimer for it.

There were precincts in this city where Patrick or Judge Hennessey—who calls himself Elbridge Hanecy—had large majorities rolled up for him at the election two years ago, that this year gave majorities for Harrison. Why was that?

Because in these districts Lorimer knifed Graeme Stewart.

I told Mr. Stewart not to trust Lorimer or his machine, and I had good reasons for saying it.

I know much about them and their methods, from those who have suffered from them.

However, at this time I desire to turn my attention to the mayoralty disgrace that is now in the chair.

For four years Mr Harrison kept his word with me.

These were the first four years of his administration, and I venture to say they were years every one of which was an improvement upon the other.

When the fifth year came and he was a candidate for reëlection. Bobby Burke, then Democratic Boss, and Mr. Harrison's close friend, came down to see me.

I am going to talk now. (Applause.)

ROBERT E. BURKE ASKS ZION'S SUPPORT FOR HARRISON.

I did not have a very high opinion of Mr. Robert Burke; but, after all, he was the representative of the dominant party, which I had supported.

He came to see and ask me whether I would help Mr. Harrison for the third time.

I said: "Mr. Burke, I am tired of some things that have taken place towards the end of this fourth year.

"I find that you have been letting the gamblers have their own way, and it is time to stop it."

"Will you help us do it?" he asked.

"Yes, I will," I replied.

"What will you do?" he asked. "Mr. Harrison is willing."

"Reappoint a certain officer to his place and set him free from both yourself, Mr. Burke, and all your clique, and from Mr. Harrison. Let Joseph Kipley be a real chief of police, and he will clean out the gambling dens in a week." (Applause.)

I knew what I was talking about.

You do not know Joseph Kipley, perhaps, but I do.

There never was a better police officer in this city.

He is a comparatively poor man today, and yet he was an officer of police in high position for thirty or forty years.

No man has ever been able to prove that he ever took a bribe.

Joseph Kipley and the police under him saved my life and the lives of many of my people at Oak Park, on a very serious occasion.

I made his retention a stipulation before we voted for Mr. Harrison when he went into power for the third time.

There was going to be a straight party fight between Hennessey and Harrison, and I knew that we had the balance of power.

ZION'S POSSESSION OF THE BALANCE OF POLITICAL POWER IN CHICAGO.

When Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan were the contending parties it was a straight party vote with less than four thousand majority for Mr. McKinley. We gave that four thousand. There was a point at which Mr. Bryan might have had these votes if he had not ridden that silver goat.

In a straight party fight there are not five thousand votes between the two parties.

We have those votes.

We can influence fifteen or twenty thousand.

They knew that, and they came to me to ask how we would vote.

I said, "I am tired of the disgraceful condition into which the city is getting.

"I know you are against Joseph Kipley, Mr. Burke, but if you will get a pledge to me from the Mayor to reappoint him chief of police, we will cast our votes again for Carter Harrison."

"I will withdraw my opposition," he said, "and I will go and see Mr. Harrison."

MAYOR HARRISON BREAKS ANTE-ELECTION PLEDGE.

He brought me the positive assurance from Mr. Harrison that, if we supported him, Joseph Kipley would be chief of police.

I was not content with that.

I put my demand in writing, and I sent Mr. Packard, my attorney, and Deacon Stern, my personal attendant, to get the personal assurance from Mr. Harrison's lips that Mr. Kipley would be reappointed.

Mr. Kipley had promised me that if he were freed from the Burke and Harrison influence and were a real chief of police, that he would clean out the gambling dens and dives, and all that kind of thing.

He could do it within a week or two.

I knew that he was reliable, and when my personal atten-

dant returned from the Mayor with the positive promise I asked for, then I sent him a letter saying I was glad to get the assurance that Joseph Kipley would be reappointed and have free and untrammelled control as Chief of Police.

We did our best in that election.

I will not tell you all we did, but we worked hard.

An immense number of votes were influenced by us.

When the time came and Carter H. Harrison was reminded of his promise to Dr. Dowie, that Joseph Kipley should be reappointed Chief of Police, all that immensely overrated young man remarked was, "Dowie be damned."

When I heard that, I said, "No, Dowie is saved, but Harrison is damned."

Unless he repents he is damned, because he has told a direct lie, and "all liars, their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

When this next election came I pronounced for John M. Harlan.

And right here I wish to say a very unpleasant duty devolves upon me.

I do not like to say what I am going to.

It is hard.

I have an object in view in telling this today.

A COWARDLY THREAT OF MURDER.

I have been told that I would be murdered today.

Will a number of the guards please come to the front.

(About fifty guards came forward and drew up in line in front of the stage.)

I will speak the truth if I am shot for it. Do you hear? (Applause.)

My personal attendant has the letter with him.

It was written from the Hotel Lakota two nights ago and said that I would be shot.

I am not afraid of your bullets, and never was. (Applause.)

They may find the person who wrote that letter before we are through.

I placed the letter in the hands of my personal attendant this

morning, and told him that it was to be given tomorrow to Inspector Stuart, chief of the postoffice police.

I am tired of getting these letters.

I have received them for a number of years, whenever I have taken a bold part in municipal politics.

I do not care about that, but it would be well to see who the murderers are.

The guards are here, and the man who fires a shot is likely to be arrested.

ZION'S COURSE STRAIGHT.

My course is perfectly straight.

I said from this platform that I would support John M. Harlan.

He failed to get the support of the Republican convention.

Then Mr. Stewart was nominated.

I have nothing to say against Mr. Stewart, because I think of all gentlemen in the Republican party outside of Mr. Harlan, Mr. Stewart was, perhaps, one of the best, if not the best man of the prominent politicians, to get the nomination.

I think that he is perfectly honest, and would have made a splendid mayor.

MAYOR HARRISON'S APPEAL FOR SUPPORT.

After I had pronounced for Mr. Harlan, and it was also known that I was going to pronounce for Mr. Stewart, Mr. Granville Browning, a Master in Chancery, with a message from Mr. Harrison, his personal friend, begged to see me at my home in Zion City. He talked to my attendant, from Chicago, over the telephone on Saturday evening, April 4th, about 6 p. m.

I declined.

I said that I did not want to see Mr. Browning.

Mr. Browning is a very gentlemanly man, and I had some pleasant relations with him when he was Assistant Corporation Counsel at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's career as mayor. However, I had decided for Mr. Stewart and I did not want to talk it over with any friend of Mr. Harrison.

The following day, two weeks ago today, Mr. Browning again sought an interview.

He did not come by my invitation, but the contrary, so I have a right to talk about what happened.

I never promised to keep his proposals secret, and I think the time has come to speak plainly.

Mr. Browning sought to see me in Zion Hospice No. 1, at the corner of Twelfth street and Michigan avenue.

When I arrived there from Zion City about 1:30 o'clock, Mr. Browning was there.

As a matter of courtesy I gave him an interview. He pressed me to support Mr. Harrison.

I said that I would not; that we had promised to support Mr. Harlan, and now that he was not nominated I would pronounce for Mr. Stewart that very day.

He argued and reasoned and talked.

Then I told him the story that I have told you, of how Mayor Harrison broke his promise and added insult to falsehood. Mr. Browning said it was very wrong of the Mayor to break his word, and to say "Dowie be damned."

"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Browning," I said, "I want to part with you pleasantly. I am going to stand for Mr. Stewart,"

AN INFAMOUS OFFER OF POLITICAL MURDER.

Then he drew his chair close to me and said, "I have a logical proposition to make to you which I know will make you stick to Mr. Harrison."

"I think that you would better not make it," I said, "because I do not want to be embarrassed with any private communication."

"I want to make it," he said.

"You make it at your own peril," I replied.

He drew his chair very close to me and he said: "Dr. Dowie, you do not want Judge Tuley to be judge, do you?"

"No, sir." I answered.

"If you will promise to stick to Mr. Harrison," he said, "Mr. Harrison will promise to strike Judge Tuley's name off the list of candidates on the judiciary ticket of the Democratic party at the

convention in Chicago which will be held on April 18th.

THE OFFER SPURNED

I could only look at him for a moment.

Then I said: "It is a shameful proposition to hand over to me, knifed politically, that old man, at whose side you have been hobnobbing and passing toasts at the Iroquois Club."

While he thought that he had the honest support of his party, they offered, as it were, to murder him politically, and hand over his political dead body to me.

I felt it an insult.

I told him just how I felt.

"Mr. Harrison and I thought that you would accept that proposition," he said.

"You do not know your man," I replied. "I will fight a fair fight, but I will have nothing to do with men who would knife their own party."

For this reason I wanted this to be known before the nomination of Judge Tuley this week, if he is to be nominated: that, much as I am opposed to Judge Tuley's being elected, and much as I feel that he is an Unjust Judge, I would rather see him elected than knifed in that shameful manner. (Applause.)

That is the kind of man you have in the mayoral chair,

He is a man who, in order to get our support, sent Mr. Granville Browning, a Master in Chancery, to offer as a sacrifice a Judge in Chancery, a prominent Democratic leader, the president of the principal Democratic Club in Chicago—the Iroquois—and to murder him politically.

Is that the kind of man who should be mayor of Chicago?
Audience—"No."

HOW MR. HARRISON PROBABLY GOT HIS PLURALITY.

General Overseer—He received a plurality of seven thousand votes.

Except God, who knows everything, the Devil only knows how he got them.

The Devil knows just how he got them.

I do not believe that he got them honestly.

My opinion is that the man who would make such a shameful offer to me, got these votes by countenancing evil and corrupt practices, and by shameful offers to others.

My opinion is that he got them by knifing political friends, and then posing as the people's honest candidate.

I do not care what he or his friends say, do or threaten, and I do not care if my life goes for it.

I felt that I must tell that story and cleanse my hands. I am sorry that his administration is to continue.

I am sorry that the police officers of the city of Chicago are controlled by a Roman Catholic chief of police.

I am sorry that the police officers of Chicago will continue to keep open the saloons, the dives and the gamblers' hells.

I am sorry.

It is quite apparent to every one that, among the "trades" made by the Democrats, was one with the gamblers, the saloon keepers, and the dive-keepers, for all these infamous places are running wide open.

I may say to you that Mr. Stewart had given me a promise that Mr. Kiplely should be either Assistant Chief of Police or an inspector.

I had the promise that the first thing that Mr Stewart would do would be to put the police in motion. to clean out the gamblers' hells, the dives, and the low saloons. (Applause.)

I was fighting for a clean Chicago.

THE ELECTION OF MR. HARRISON HAS DAMAGED CHICAGO PROPERTY.

Large numbers of persons will leave.

They will not trust themselves or their property in Chicago.

They will not trust them to any Board of Review

One member of the Board of Review was charged openly with a very shameful crime this last week.

Whether it is true or not, I cannot tell.

I left Chicago two years earlier than I would otherwise have done because of shameful differentiation in taxation.

The Roman Catholic archbishop was not taxed, but I was.
The Methodists were not taxed, but I was.

I could have escaped taxation if I had chosen to pay the price.

But in all my life I have not knowingly made any, bargain to do anything that was wrong.

THE WORST ELEMENT WILL NOW RULE IN CHICAGO,

The mayor is aiming at something higher, hoping for a governorship or senatorship. and he will apparently sacrifice every one rather than lose the objects of his ambition.

He is a cool, quiet, cold-blooded man, ready to knife any one, politically, who stands in his way, even Judge Tuley.

I do not know what Judge Tuley and he will say tomorrow morning when they meet each other.

It would be rather interesting to hear that conversation.

I am very glad that I am out of Chicago, from the taxation point of view.

Just as quickly as I can withdraw every property interest I have in Chicago I will withdraw it, and just as quickly as I can induce my thousands of friends to do the same I will say, "Get out."

Chicago property is going down.

You have put in the gambler.

You have put in the saloon.

You have put in the harlot's house which is a gate of hell.

You will go down, down, down!

By-and-by there will come an awakening to Chicago. But the worst element is now on top and has strangled the possibility, for the time being, of getting a better mayor.

I have said these things to free my conscience before God. Mr. Tuley has done me a great wrong which I exposed in this Auditorium before more than seven thousand persons, a full report of which exposure was given in *LEAVES OF HEALING* for February 15, 1902, Volume X, pages 783 to 796.

That vast assembly endorsed, without a dissentient voice, my condemnation of his conduct in giving a verdict to the

perjured Samuel Stevenson, and in attempting to strangle Zion Lace Industries.

But much as I feel that Murray F. Tuley is an Unjust Judge, I would rather see him elected than see him sacrificed by Mayor Harrison to please me.

I AM NOT TROUBLED ABOUT THIS THREAT TO MURDER ME.

I do not take much notice of the kind of letters to which I referred today, but I called the guards to the front because I saw a man put his hand in his hip-pocket and take out something that shone very much like a revolver.

I do not care much about being shot, because when my life's work is done I want to get home to heaven as quickly as I can.

However, I think that I have yet something more to do on God's earth, and I will not allow my life to be sacrificed without making some endeavor to protect it in a proper manner.

I think you will agree that I am right, (Applause.)

I would have been murdered years ago had it not been for God's protection, and the Zion guards, who do not carry any weapons, but who have again and again arrested men who would have murdered me.

I have always spoken the truth, so far as it was known to me.

Of course, the man who speaks the truth in this country exposes his life to danger continually.

But my life is in God's hands, and I believe that God will protect me if I take the proper precautions, and will enable me to do His will.

I feel that my life is of some value to my people, to my family, and to the work of God throughout the world.

I have a great deal of life in me yet, and although I would not be afraid of dying at this very moment, I prefer to live out my life rather than hand it over to some miserable political scoundrel, who, if he did murder me, might go unpunished in Chicago. Why?

MURDER UNPUNISHED IN CHICAGO.

Because a short time ago a unionist picket murdered a merchant in this city who was doing nothing but trying to get his own goods from a freight warehouse into his own warehouse. The facts were unchallenged, yet a jury in Chicago found the murderer not guilty.

I think that Mayor Harrison's party and others are quite capable of getting a jury that would find the man not guilty, although you saw him fire the shot.

However, I do not care much about that.

I would rather that a man who murdered me were not hanged, because he would then have some time for repentance.

Threatened men live long.

If I had troubled myself about these things I should have been afraid to stand upon any platform or do any public work for many years; for I have received hundreds of such letters threatening to murder me.

I am not afraid; for I love God and often desire to be with the Christ, and my loved ones in heaven.

I have told you the truth.

I think that you can see the importance of this revelation.

You will see that the judiciary of Cook County is being played with in a game of battledore and shuttlecock by the bosses of the political parties.

Again I say that I would rather see Mr. Tuley elected than sacrificed to please me or any one else.

Mr. Tuley will now understand how much Mr. Harrison's friendship means when he sits with him at an Iroquois club banquet.

After the tithes and offerings had been received, the General Overseer delivered his Message.

ETERNAL HOPE.

INVOCATION.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be accept-

able in Thy sight, and profitable unto this people, and unto all to whom these words shall come, in this and every land, in this and all the coming time, Till Jesus Come.

TEXT.

Now our Lord Jesus, the Christ, himself, and God our Father which loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope through grace,

Comfort your hearts and establish them in every good work and word.—*2 Thessalonians, 2:16-77.*

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, the Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a Living Hope by the Resurrection of Jesus, the Christ, from the dead.

Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away reserved in heaven for you,

Who by the Power of God are guarded through Faith unto a Salvation ready to be revealed in the Last Time.—*1 Peter 1:3-5.*

My conviction is that the extent of the Salvation of Jesus, the Christ, our Lord, is to be known only in the Last Time.

Jesus Himself said to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

But He said when the Holy Spirit should come, He would lead His people step by step—patiently lead them into the Way of All Truth; so that when the Last Time came, the Full Revelation of that Salvation would be made.

I believe that we are speaking in the Last Time. I have a very strong conviction that

THE BAD ARE GETTING WORSE, AND THE GOOD
ARE GETTING BETTER.

Wicked men and seducers are waxing worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived, but the wise are understanding.

None of the wicked can understand.

I am deeply convinced, therefore, that this is the time for the Proclamation of that Eternal Consolation and Good Hope of that Living Hope which God has given to all men in Jesus, the Christ, His Son.

IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO REPLACE A BAD

SYSTEM BY A GOOD ONE.

It took a long time for Judaism to be replaced by a good Christianity even in the minds of Christian Jews.

There were large numbers of Jews who doubtless lived and died in the faith of the Christ, who were narrow-minded and bigoted, and were more Jews than Christians.

They were more ready to stand by the Jewish Sabbath, as you see in the controversy between Tryphon, a Jew, and one of the early Christian fathers, Justin Martyr.

It makes it an offense that the Christians do not keep the seventh day, but keep the first day of the week.

There is much of the Judaising spirit still abroad in the keeping of the Sabbath.

I often get letters telling me that I am all right except in one thing; that I shall be damned because I do not keep the Sabbath on Saturday.

The narrow-minded bigotry of the Jew in this matter is repeated in these days.

This is true not only in that question, but in a great many others.

TWENTIETH CENTURY DENOMINATIONAL
NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

The narrow-mindedness of the Jew of the olden time is in many things not a circumstance to the narrow-mindedness of the Baptist of the twentieth century. It does not begin to compare with the narrow-mindedness of the Episcopalian.

It does not begin to compare with the narrow-mindedness of the Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic, all of whom and many more consign me to Eternal Perdition, because they and I do not quite agree in definitions.

One of the most astounding things to me is that character and life, the blessing of God Himself, and answers to prayer, count for nothing compared with the fact that you are not an Episcopalian, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Congregationalist, or a Roman Catholic, or that you have not been sprinkled with water upon the nose and confirmed in your sins.

HOPE LOST THROUGH NARROW-MINDED
BIGOTRY.

The Hope that maketh not ashamed has been lost in the Christian Church, to a large extent, because of the narrow-minded bigotry of people who call themselves Christians.

It is not four centuries ago that, in this beautiful America, Columbus came over with a cross, but it was a cross that was the handle of a sword.

He was accompanied by priests who wanted to convert the heathen.

They converted them in this way: "If you do not do as we say, and think as we think, this sword will go into you. We will steal your property, burn you at the stake, or hand you over to the Inquisition."

Because the Incas did not immediately swallow Christianity, it was found convenient to pronounce them heretics, burn them at the stake and take care that their property was properly confiscated for the Church and for the State.

These two thieves equally divided it, or rather unequally divided it, because the Church got the most of it.

Thus, only four centuries ago this land was deluged with blood.

Europe was deluged with blood.

My native land was deluged with blood because men would not agree that any one should live who did not define things their way,

The Hope that the Christ came to bring to all humanity was made of no effect, because people had to agree upon Roman Catholic or some other dogma before they could get to heaven.

The agreement upon creed and dogma has nothing to do with it.

You may all agree with John Calvin or Martin Luther, or with the Popes who never agreed among themselves.

You may agree with the creeds of your various denominations and you may all go to hell at the same time that you agree with them, for mere agreement with a creed is nothing at all, unless you are a new creation in the Christ.

CHRISTIANITY IS NOT A QUESTION OF CREED.

It is a question of Life.

If the Hope that is within you is not a Living Hope which came through Faith and will stay with you at all times, and if the Consolation that you have is not an Eternal Consolation, then you know nothing about Christianity.

Christianity is not conformity with certain ordinances.

Christianity is not conformity with certain creeds.

Christianity is a transformation of the spiritual nature which is a result of the Resurrection of Jesus, the Christ; because, the Hope of the world is to be found only in His Resurrection.

If the Christ hath not been raised, your Faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

If the Christ's dust is in some Syrian tomb, and that body did not stand upon this earth transformed, and reascend into heaven, then Christianity is a lie, and everything connected with it is a sham.

Then all that is good in Christianity is merely the retention of certain moral maxims, that even Mencius and Confucius could have taught, or that came down from heathen philosophers here and there throughout the world.

Mere morality never saved any one.

A man can be very moral, and yet morally wrong, and when it becomes convenient to be immoral, his morality will drop from him like the old skin of a serpent.

A mere external morality that does not proceed from spiritual regeneration is not a Divine Hope.

It is not the result of a Divine Faith.

It does not indicate the presence of a Divine Love.

There is no reality in such Christianity.

The Christianity that is real is a Christianity that realizes that the Christ is risen indeed; that the Christ lives and loves; that the Faith of the Christ is a real power, and that the Hope of the Christ is the brightest thing in all life.

Let me tell you a personal experience.

At one time in my life, when I was very young, I did not

know God as I desired to.

All through my life I have been

FIRST A THINKER, AND THEN A WORKER.

I do not think I have ever done anything that I have not first thought out.

One of the mistakes that a great many people make about me is to regard me as an exceedingly impetuous man, acting upon impulses.

This is entirely wrong.

I am one of the most deliberate men in Chicago, and I think one of the slowest speakers in public life today.

I am a slow man in many things.

I take a long time to think a thing out, but when I act, I think that I will plead guilty to acting very quickly and thoroughly. When I start to act I never stop.

I keep right on, because I know that the line I am pursuing is right. Little things indicate character and influence life.

It is not the big things, so-called, that influence men.

They only become big things as the little things grow.

At the time of which I speak I was about seven years old.

I had never remembered seeing the stars shine before.

If I had seen them I do not remember it.

I had never seen the wondrous scene on a perfectly tranquil summer night and in an unclouded sky, as the daylight faded into twilight, and one by one the beautiful stars appeared.

AN EARLY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

I was walking quietly along the street towards a great street-meeting under the shadow of the "Tron Kirk," in the High Street of Edinburgh.

It was a great delight to me to be permitted to hear my great friend, the Rev. Henry Wight, speak in the street.

I knew him well.

I loved him.

I was sometimes an invisible assistant to his precentor, because Mr. Paul, his regular precentor, was growing old.

Mr. Paul used to take me behind the curtain, where Mr. Wight could see me from the pulpit, but the people could not see me.

When Mr. Paul would lead the people in some high tunes of the old-fashioned Scotch melodies and could not reach the upper notes, I would be there by his side and take them for him, and the people would say, "How splendidly old Paul's Voice holds out." (Laughter. Applause.)

My good friend, Henry Wight, would look at me and smile when I would take the high notes.

Then, after the meeting was over, it was the richest kind of reward to be cuddled to his breast, and have his loving hand put upon me while he said: "John Alexander, may God bless you."

That "God bless you," came down with me through life.

He was a very wealthy man—an advocate, or, as we call them in Scotland, a barrister.

He had become a Christian under very strange circumstances.

THE BRUTALITY OF KILLING GOD'S CREATURES.

He had accidentally shot the wife that he loved.

He was one of these men, who, when it was a fine morning would take a gun and say: "A fine morning. Good morning, my dear, I am going out to kill something."

That is the Englishman; that is the Scotchman, and that is the American.

"Let us go and kill something."

It is a brutal business, I do not care who says no.

He went out that morning to kill a partridge, or something of the kind.

He thought he had emptied his gun and came home to lunch.

His lovely wife said to him: "Henry, why are you so late?" and scolded him in a gentle way.

They had not been married long and he loved her most devotedly, and replied in the same jocular vein.

She was a very witty woman, and again she said something. "If you say that again I will shoot you," he replied. She said,

"Shoot!"

Thinking his gun was empty, he put it to his shoulder, and fired. The bullet went into her heart and she fell dead.

It is a bad business to have fire-arms in the hands of children, or youths, or even men.

I killed only one bird in all my life.

I shot only at one, and killed it.

It did not die at once and I went to look at it. I saw the blood upon its breast.

It opened its eyes, and looked at me.

I shall never forget that look.

It seemed to say: "Why did you kill me? What was I doing to you?"

Its mate flew around my head screaming, as if to say: "Why did you kill? Why did you kill?"

I saw that they had a nest, and there were little heads peeping over saying, "Why did you kill?"

It was the first I ever killed, and the last.

I believe that the God who said: "Thou shalt not kill," never meant us to kill.

I know that He has permitted us to kill.

The sacrificial lamb was permitted to be killed, but perhaps it ought to have ceased when the Lamb of God, Himself, was sacrificed.

The more I think of it the less I like this killing of anything.

LONGING TO SEE THE CHRIST.

That night upon which I went to hear my great and good friend who loved me, he caught sight of me over the entire crowd and said: "Johnny, come here!" and I went.

My heart was very full.

I loved my minister, and I loved my God, but God did not seem near to me.

Oh, I wanted to see the Christ.

I was only a child, but I wanted to see the Face that once was spat upon for me, the Head that once was crowned with thorns for me.

I wanted to see the great, good Friend who was so kind and

compassionate to all men and loved the children.

I wanted to see Him, oh, so much!

I was so sorry that I had not died when I had been very sick I had sought Him, and I had seen something of the glory of the world beyond.

I had talked about it, and the memory of it lingered with me.

I thought that I had seen Him, and I wanted to be sure.

When I became better, the cry of my heart was: "Oh, that I might see the Christ who rose from the dead for me."

That night I had been thinking a good deal about Him.

My good friend put me upon his street pulpit and said to me: "Johnny sing."

"What shall I sing?" I asked, as any child would.

Although I was only a child the big crowd did not frighten me, and it never has.

I HAVE NEVER KNOWN FEAR.

May God grant that I never shall.

Perfect love casts out fear.

I have loved my fellow men too much to fear them. I have not feared the Devil.

I think that my friend told me to sing the tune called Martyrdom with these words:

Come, let us to the Lord our God with contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave the desolate to mourn.

While I sang that great crowd in the High Street was so still that I could hear my voice reëchoing from the high houses—yes, from the very house where John Knox had lived, and from the steps on which he preached.

It came reëchoing from the "Tom Kirk," a sacred spot where many martyrs had died for the Christ.

The people were weeping.

I did not know why, but I was crying, too

Henry wiped my eyes and said, "Now, Johnny, sing to them, 'Long hath the night.'"

SEEING THE FACE OF THE CHRIST.

As I sang my eyes were looking up into the skies, as the purple hues of light were leaving the clouds; when all at once it seemed to me that I saw the Face I had so long wanted to see.

He seemed to look down upon me and the old historic city; the stars were as jewels in His robe; the purple and white of the sky as a royal robe and as ermine around His breast; and I sang:

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

The Christ was there, and I rose with gladness.

I said that night to a friend, "I believe that I am converted. I saw the Christ."

It does not matter whether I did or not.

The revelation was at least real to me spiritually. From that moment the Christ became a Reality. He filled the skies.

He filled the earth.

He filled my life, and I have known nothing else all through my life but the one great desire—the Living Hope in my heart that I shall see Him face to face, for He is a Living Christ.

You cannot tear it from my heart.

So the Sorrow all disappeared, and I went on singing the quaint old paraphrase—

As Dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing Fragrance round;
As Flowers that usher in the Spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The Sorrows of the Night.

I LABOR ONLY BECAUSE I LOVE THE CHRIST AND THOSE FOR WHOM HE DIED.

I labor only because I am His minister, sent with His Mes-

sage.

I bless the God and Father of my Lord Jesus, the Christ, who gave me this Eternal Consolation and this Good Hope through grace, and has shown me the Inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for me, and for all who are kept by the power of God through faith unto Salvation, ready to be revealed at the Last Time.

THE CHRIST'S SACRIFICE FOR EVERY MAN.

They told me as I went on in my Christian life that the Christ did not die for every one.

"How is that?" I would ask, "the Scripture says that He tasted death for every man."

"But, Johnny," they would say, "it only means every man who believes."

"Well," I said, "it does not say that."

"Well, that is what it means."

"Ah, but," I said, "here is another Scripture which says, that it is a faithful saying that the Christ came into this world not only to save sinners of whom Paul said he was the chief, but that He is the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe. It says 'All men.'"

"But it does not mean that, and you will be a heretic if you say that."

"But," I said, "Jesus said, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself.'"

"It does not mean that; it means all good men."

"But it says: 'As in Adam all die, so also in the Christ shall all be made alive.'"

"O Johnny! that is heresy."

"But," I said, "that is St. Paul. Was he a heretic?"

"Oh, no; you do not understand, and you must not talk until you know better. When you have read Calvin you will know all about it." (Laughter.)

Well, I read Calvin, and I did not know all about it, and I found that Calvin did not.

THE LARGER HOPE.

At last the day came when I saw this Larger Hope, this Eternal Consolation and Good Hope through grace; and when I saw that, while there was a kolasin aionion—ΚΟΛΑΣΙΟΥ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΥ—an aionian pruning for those that sinned, and an aionian life for those that believed and obeyed God, the "pruning" was, after all, only "age long."

That punishment of which the Christ had spoken was the very thing that helped me to see Eternal Hope for all; because the word punishment there is the word *kolasis*, and means pruning.

I saw in a moment that it was not the destruction of the tree; it was the cutting back, and the pruning, that it might bring forth more fruit.

The aionian punishment which will come to every sinner who goes to hell will be a punishment that will bring him back to God.

AUTHORITY OF THE CHRIST OVER ALL FLESH.

It came with such power one day.

I said, "O Master! let me have a word that covers it all with certainty."

As I began to pray, my thoughts went to what the Christ had prayed, recorded in the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, where the Christ opened his lips and prayed to the Father, and thanked Him that He had given Him Power, that is Authority, over All Flesh, that He might give Eternal Life to as many as He had given Him.

I have always been fond of a plain, straight logic.

I read that passage just as it means.

He had power over All Flesh, that He might give Eternal Life to as many as God had given Him Power over; therefore, as God had given Him Power over All Flesh, and He had Authority to give Eternal Life to all that had been given Him, to All Flesh, it was perfectly clear that eventually All Flesh, all spirits born into human flesh should be redeemed, and brought back to God.

I have never hesitated to preach it.

I have never hesitated to tell it.

At the same time I have warned the sinner that if he sins, the Face of God is against him; that if he sins, hell is in front of him; that if he sins, he cannot go to heaven, but he must go to hell.

I have said, what the Scripture has said, that God has provided a Way that His banished may return.

I have had no sympathy with those who have said that for a Temporal Fault God would inflict an Eternal Punishment and shut away His children from an Eternal Hope because they had sinned in this Temporal State.

Oh, how good it was for me when I first realized the truth that

THE CHRIST, WHEN HE DIED, DID NOT GO TO HEAVEN.

The Christ, when He died, after His painful life on earth and His agony on the cross, did not at once ascend to heaven. He went down to hell.

The Apostles' Creed, that we have repeated today says: "He descended into hell."

He went into the deepest hell, and there He preached to the spirits in prison—to those who were disobedient in the days of Noah.

Out of that dark abyss of hell He took these prisoners.

Now they are in heaven, whiter than the lily which sprang out of the dark earth. He took them from hell.

THE CHRIST CROSSED THE "GREAT GULF FIXED."

Abraham could not cross that gulf. It was a Fixed Gulf to him, but the Christ crossed it ; the Christ bridged it.

The Day will come when Death and Hell shall be cast into the Lake of Fire, and there shall be no more Death and no more hell.

That is not yet. We have a great deal of hell in Chicago.

We have lots of hell beyond us, but our Work is to follow

the Christ, and to clean out hell, until there is no hell anywhere in the Universe, and the Eternal Consolation, and the Eternal Hope has reached every spirit saved in heaven and damned in hell.

HOPE LIKE A MOTHER'S FOR HER LOST SON.

Mothers, your boys sinned. They were dragged into sin and died in sin, and you have been weeping because they went to hell. Mothers, if the Christ would guide you down to hell to talk to your son there, would you not go? Would you not go and plead with your son to come back with you to heaven?

Mothers, some of you are going down with me to New York, because you have sons there in that hell.

It is no worse than Chicago, but you say, "peradventure some message may reach my boy lost in sin there," and you are willing to tramp through the saloons in the Bowery, in the hope that you may run across your son and bring him to God and to Zion, and, finally, to heaven.

That is just the hope I have concerning the life to come.

If I had my choice after leaving the body now, I think, if the Lord would send me there, I would like to have a lick at the Devil at his headquarters in hell. (Applause.)

I think that I would like to take a Restoration Host down to hell, and have it out with him.

I have never been afraid of him on earth, and I will not be afraid of him in hell.

I would like to take the captives out of his hands.

I do not know that I quite as much care to go to heaven, except for a time to rejoice with the loved ones that I have there.

I have a hope that when I have gone to heaven, God may bring me back with the Christ to earth, and if He gives me an appointment to Chicago, I will do my duty if I should be mayor. (Applause.)

If the Lord Jesus, the Christ, ever made me mayor of Chicago, Lorimer's and Harrison's days would be gone. The whole dirty crew would be gone.

I would wipe them out in short order. I would not wait for any city ordinances.

I would be an ordinance myself when I went in.

In Zion City I do not wait for an ordinance. I do the thing, and take the consequences. But I never wilfully break any law. I execute the law, and I see that it is executed.

THE GREAT FINAL CONFLICTS.

I am coming back with Him to reign on earth a thousand years.

At the end of a thousand years He will not have finished His work then, because there is to be a pitched battle at the end of a thousand years as is set forth in the Revelation 20:7-10.

Then the Devil will be defeated forever.

I intend to take a part in that battle.

I am looking forward to it, just as I am looking forward to going down to New York, and having a lick at the Devil on Broadway. (Applause.)

Why is this?

Because there is life in me. It is a Living Hope; this Hope that, at last, every poor sinner will hear the glad sound, and that at last every poor spirit in earth and hell will bow before the Christ, and will own His sway, and God shall be All in All. That is my Hope.

I FIGHT MY BATTLE NOW,

I am not afraid to take the blows from the Devil, and I am not afraid to give blows.

I have a Shield upon which I can take the fiery darts. I am glad for the fight.

It is the Good Fight of Faith.

It is the Good Fight of Love.

The thing, however, that buoys up my heart above everything else is the Hope, the Hope that springs perennial in this breast, that I shall see victory; victory for Purity and Righteousness and Peace; that I shall hear a song of Universal Joy from the whole earth when they sing with the Hosts in Heaven: "Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and the kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdom of

our God and of His Christ." Blessed Hope!

We must have it!

We shall conquer though we die; for we shall come back again in the spirit-body with the Christ.

We shall come back, and we shall be with Him in His millennial reign.

We shall fight it out to the end, and we will win

Sin shall be abolished.

Disease, Death and Hell shall pass away.

"New Heavens and a New Earth," shall be, "wherein dwelleth Righteousness." (2 Peter 3:13.)

Then, O Christ, and then alone, wilt Thou see of the travail of Thy soul, and be satisfied.

Then, O Christ, and then alone, can we be satisfied; when the last rebel has bowed at Thy feet, and there is no more fight; for there is no more rebellion anywhere.

Hallelujah! God shall reign forever!

All who believe it, and desire to be with Him, stand. (Nearly all rose.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

My God and Father, in Jesus' Name I come to Thee. Take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be in spirit, in soul, in body. Give me power to do right, no matter what it costs. Give me Thy Holy Spirit that I may trust Thee, love Thee, serve Thee, have hope in Thee, and carry this blessed hope wherever I go to the multitudes that are despairing, who have no Hope, who are without God, and without Hope. Oh bring the Hope to the hopeless on earth, to the hopeless in hell that the glad tidings may bring every spirit to Thyself. Help us to go on, lovingly doing our duty. Purify us. Make us clean. May we not go around to hell to get to heaven. May we go to heaven direct. May we live for God, live for heaven, and not dwell with the damned on earth or in hell. Keep us, O God, in the safe place under the shadow of Thy glory. For Jesus' sake. (*All repeat the prayer, clause by clause, after the General Overseer.*)

After Hymn No. 20 had been sung, the service was closed by the General Overseer pronouncing the following

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the beautiful words which Thou didst give to Daniel; "they that be wise shall shine as a firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

O God, make us wise. (Amen.)

Take the folly out of us.

Let the folly cease.

There are many men and women who have been fools up to this time.

O God, make them wise from this time on.

May they be wise and kneel at Thy feet and repent and trust Thy Son, and do His bidding, and be led by the Spirit, and do right.

God help them tonight. Help us all to live a better and holier life. For Jesus' sake.

BENEDICTION.

Beloved, abstain from all appearance of evil. And may the very God of Peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus, the Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it. The grace of our Lord Jesus, the Christ, the love of God our Father, the fellowship of the Holy Spirit our Comforter and Guide, one Eternal God, abide in you, bless you and keep you, and all the Israel of God everywhere, forever. Amen.

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